

Awaken Chapter 12

The ten grades of Confucianism.

Talentedness enters the class.

Reading, writing and enlightenment.

All three of these Xu Qingnian could understand.

However, these were not the questions Xu Qingnian wanted to ask.

“Sir, if this Confucian Dao lineage is cultivated to the back, is it possible to fight with your lips, blossom with your mouth, follow the law with your words, and kill thousands of horses with one article?”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

When this was said, it immediately led to Zhou Ling laughing loudly.

“Where did you hear that from? How can Confucianism be so supremely powerful, and still have a war of words, a blossoming mouth, and words that follow the law.”

“If it could be that powerful, then everyone in the world would be practising the Confucian Way.”

Zhou Ling laughed.

After all, what Xu Qingnian said was too exaggerated.

“Isn’t it? Then what is the function of the Confucian Way?”

Xu Qingnian was a little curious.

He really thought that Confucianism was the kind of thing where one was so talented that a poem would subdue the country, but he didn’t expect it to be otherwise?

After all, there were immortals and Buddhas in this world.

“No, no, no.”

“The Confucian Dao lineage, cultivating one’s body, ruling the country and leveling the world, harboring the righteousness, prolonging one’s life is still possible, but fighting and killing is not, a poem to subdue the country is even more heavenly.”

Zhou Ling waved his hand.

And then continued.

“Then dare I ask you, sir, if the Confucian lineage can only cultivate their bodies and nourish themselves, what should they do if they encounter demons and evil spirits?”

Xu Qingnian continued to ask.

Speaking of this, Zhou Ling looked somewhat confident as he said.

“Confucianists, who contain the Hao Ren Qi and occasionally strengthen their bodies and bones, have a certain amount of strength, but of course a First Grade Confucian cannot beat a Fourth Grade Martial Artist in terms of strength, but facing demons and evil spirits is a different story.”

“Little friend Qingnian, don’t look at me, I haven’t even entered the rank, but I have also raised a part of the Hao Ren Qi, didn’t a fugitive come to the county some days ago? It is said that he practiced a foreign art and belongs to the evil path.”

“If he were in front of me, he wouldn’t be able to come within three feet of me at all.”

Zhou Ling was very confident, especially when it came to the matter of evil spirits.

“Unable to get within three feet?”

Xu Qingnian was a little surprised.

He had seen how strong the fugitives from the Southern Yufu were, and Zhou Ling only looked normal, but Xu Qingnian could have blown him to death with a single punch if he wanted to.

So Xu Qingnian was a little suspicious.

Seemingly sensing Xu Qingnian’s suspicion, Zhou Ling continued to speak.

“Hao Ran Zheng Qi, which is the most Yang Qi of Heaven and Earth, can innately restrain all demons.”

“My kind is still average, if it is the kind of existence that can transform the Wen Qi into a form, a single word can suppress demons, but of course it can only suppress demons and evil spirits.”

Zhou Ling said seriously, even moving out the Confucianism everyone to coax himself up.

Xu Qingnian could not help but nod, although he did not fully believe in what Zhou Ling said, he agreed with this view.

Confucianism was the heaven and earth, cultivating one's body and nurturing one's nature, gathering a vast and righteous qi, and wasn't it this kind of supreme rigidity and yang that evil demons feared?

"Then sir, let me ask you one more question ah, have you heard of the Palace of Literature?"

Xu Qingnian did not utter the four words Heaven and Earth Wen Palace, but simply said the word Wen Palace.

When this was said, Zhou Ling pondered a little.

"The Palace of Literature?"

He mused and shook his head after a while, "I have a slight impression, but I don't remember, but I'll look up the information, maybe I can find it."

Zhou Ling's answer made Xu Qingnian's heart happy, but on the surface Xu Qingnian acted calmly.

"Then I'll be grateful to you sir."

Xu Qingnian replied.

"It's a small matter, but I have to wait for me to check, and I'm not sure if I can really find it."

Zhou Ling smiled.

And soon, the woman who was sweeping the floor outside the door before, Zhou Ling's wife, brought in a few plates of hot dishes at this moment, and said with a smile on her face.

"My lord, I have made a few small dishes, try them."

Zhou Ling's wife set the dishes on the table and greeted Xu Qingnian with a feast.

"No need, no need, this has already disturbed sir and madam, how can I bother madam to cook for me, and don't call me anything my lord, just call me Qingnian."

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth, this bite of adult, some can not afford.

"It's alright, it's just a light meal, since you don't have to be a stranger, you can stay and eat."

The other party said smilingly.

Zhou Ling also nodded and said, "It's fine, it's just about time to eat, let's talk while we eat."

Since both of them had said so.

Xu Qingnian could only go along with her order.

Xu Qingnian ate for an hour, mostly listening to Zhou Ling talk about Confucianism.

Zhou Ling was a Xiucan, so he naturally knew about Confucianism, but Zhou Ling did not know anything too in-depth, which was within the scope of understanding.

The conversation went on until 10 o'clock, although Zhou Ling and his wife were still dragging themselves to dinner, Xu Qingnian did not have the cheek to do so.

It's a bit of a shame to dawdle over a couple of meals when you've only known them for so long.

When it was time to say goodbye.

Zhou Ling took dozens of books from his study, a thick stack of them, and handed them to Xu Qingnian.

"Little friend Qingnian, these are the writings of some great scholars, take a close look at them and try to understand them, you may be able to gather your talent and thus enter the class, even if you don't enter the class, it is good to read more books during the day to cultivate your body."

"There's no rush to return it to me either, read it before you finish."

Zhou Ling was a person who loved reading, and now when he saw that Xu Qingnian was interested in reading, he naturally had a good feeling about it and prepared a copy of the collection and lent it to Xu Qingnian.

"Thank you very much, sir."

Xu Qingnian took these books and said with gratitude.

"It's no big deal, as I am a scholar, I have an obligation to teach. If one day, little friend Qingnian can become a true scholar, it would be a good thing for me."

Zhou Ling said with a smile.

Although these words were polite, they were also justified. As a teacher, he preached and received teachings, and if one day, one of his disciples became a scholar, he could also gain literary qi.

If someone could become a great Confucian, it would be of great benefit to him, but of course the probability was very, very low.

Xu Qingnian bade farewell to Zhou Ling.

Her heart was full of gratitude.

The people of the county were very nice, kind and simple.

Taking the books with her, Xu Qingnian headed home.

After seeing Xu Qingnian off.

Zhou Ling's wife came up and said.

"This man is not bad, very polite, unlike the other official officers, who are runny."

"Maybe he can really become a scholar in the future."

She complimented Xu Qingnian and said.

"En, these days there are few young people with this kind of motivation in the county."

"But whether one can become a scholar or not still depends on enlightenment, where is everyone as good as my husband?"

Zhou Ling said confidently.

"Look at your smugness, you haven't even entered the grade, and you still think you are excellent, maybe someone else will enter the grade tomorrow."

Zhou Ling's wife scolded with a laugh.

"Enter the grade tomorrow? Mother, little friend Qingxian looks good, but entering the rank in one day? If Qingnian can enter the grade in one day, I will do the chores at home from now on."

Zhou Ling was somewhat unconvinced.

Only the latter didn't pay any attention to him and went to attend to other matters on his own.

Just like that, two quarters of an hour later.

Xu Qingnian had also returned home.

But at that moment, a fellow errand boy appeared at the door of the house.

“Brother Qingnian.”

Upon seeing Xu Qingnian, the latter immediately came up and shouted.

“What’s wrong?”

Xu Qingnian was somewhat curious.

“It’s nothing serious, just that the county master has asked you to rest and recuperate from your injuries, giving you a month’s leave, but you have to go to the magistrate’s office every day.”

He opened his mouth and informed Xu Qingnian of this matter.

“Dock duty?”

Xu Qingnian instantly understood what this meant.

It seemed that Magistrate Li was still a little uneasy about himself, but this was reasonable, after all, who could guarantee that he had not cultivated a foreign art.

Who would dare to believe that a person who was about to die would suddenly be well?

“Okay, that’s fine.”

Xu Qingnian nodded and agreed with a smile.

“En, brother Qingnian, don’t feel anything, in fact, the county master is also trying to avoid people gossiping, the people who come down from this South Yufu are all iron-blooded and ruthless, and they don’t despise us at all.”

“For the sake of unnecessary quarrels, just be condescending.”

He continued to speak out, comforting Xu Qingnian.

“Understood, you go back and tell the county master that it doesn’t matter if I am aggrieved, the key is that our county court cannot be aggrieved, and the county master cannot be aggrieved.”

Xu Qingnian nodded naturally.

“That’s fine, it’s still Brother Qingnian who is smart. Here, Brother Qingnian, these are the medicinal herbs prepared for you by the magistrate’s office, they are all blood tonics to nourish your body.”

“And this is ten taels of silver, it’s the compensation from the Yamen.”

With these words from Xu Qingnian, the other party also smiled and handed a bag of silver to Xu Qingnian.

The ten taels of silver weighed half a catty and was a little heavy in his hand.

The monthly salary of a servant was one tael of silver.

The economic system of the Great Wei Dynasty was still relatively stable, the smallest currency was copper, one tael of silver was equivalent to one thousand wennies, and one wennie could buy two cakes.

This was equivalent to about two thousand in the previous world.

The status of an errand boy was actually that of a temporary worker, so one tael of silver was about right. After the regularisation, the monthly salary was two taels, with some other benefits at New Year’s and festivals, which was not bad.

The magistrate’s office compensated him with ten taels of silver, which was equivalent to a year’s salary, which was quite generous, but of course the compensation was more if he died.

“Thank you, Master County.”

Xu Qingnian naturally accepted the hard-earned silver, it was his own hard-earned money.

The colleague who had come to communicate left.

Xu Qingnian pushed open the door to his room, put the books inside, then closed the door and began to pick the lamp to read.

It was getting late.

Xu Qingnian took out the first book.

[Sacred Words]

The book wasn’t particularly thick, but it wasn’t thin either. Xu Qingnian turned to the first page, which was marked with the author of the book.

‘Literary Sage’

Compiler.

'Yan Beidou'

Through today's conversation with Zhou Ling, Xu Qingnian knew who the Sage of Literature was, the first person between heaven and earth to enter sainthood with Confucianism.

A Confucian sage.

Basically all readers have to read his books so as to establish their own concepts and understand their own path.

And the Sage of Literature has no name; to be more precise, even if he had a name he could not be called by it directly, but had to be called by the honorific title of Sage of Literature.

A reader, whether in the Great Wei or for the whole world, is a respected being.

But reading required talent, and not everyone could read, and in times of peace, the people were well fed, had food and drink, and had plenty of entertainment.

There were many recreational activities, such as listening to music in hookahs, gambling and cuju, as well as practising immortality, but very few people could read quietly.

This is the reason why Zhou Ling was happy when Xu Qingnian took the initiative to ask at his door.

Turning to the second page of the book, the foreword surfaced.

[The life of a man is but a hundred years, the life of a grass tree is but a moment, life is short, what is it for?

[It should be like money and power, but not its intention, it should be like beauty, but not its pleasure, it should be like gourmets, but not its heart.]

With a simple preamble, Xu Qingnian gradually sank his heart and soul.

He flipped through page after page.

Every word was carefully read, and every sentence was carefully understood.

Just like that, two hours passed.

It was already late at night.

Xu Qingnian had finished reading all of the first chapter of the first volume of the Sacred Words.

There were tens of thousands of words spilling out, and every word contained truth, while every word gave Xu Qingnian an indescribable feeling.

It was also at this moment.

Suddenly, the Palace of Literature in his mind suddenly trembled.

And at the same time, a magnificent voice rang out.

“The life of a human being is only a hundred years, the life of a grass tree is only an instant, life is short, what is it for?”

“It should be like money and power, but not its will, it should be like beauty, but not its pleasure, it should be like gourmets, but not its heart.”

A magnificent voice rang out.

It was as if it enlightened Xu Qingnian to awaken his wisdom.

In an instant.

Xu Qingnian fainted.